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The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Idem Inficeto eſt inficetior Rure
Simul Poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æquè eſt beatus, ac Poema cum ſcribit:
Tam gaudet in ſe, tamque ſe ipſe miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque eſt quiſquam
Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
Poſſis.——Catul. de Suffeno.

From *Saturday April* 22. to *Tueſday April* 25. 1710.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 24.

I Yeſterday came hither about Two Hours before the Company generally make their Appearance, with a Deſign to read over all the News-Papers; but upon my ſitting down, I was accoſted by *Ned Softly*, who ſaw me from a Corner in the other End of the Room, where I found he had been writing ſomething. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſays he, I obſerve by a late Paper of yours, that you and I are juſt of a Humour; for you muſt know, of all Impertinencies, there is nothing which I ſo much hate as News. I never read a *Gazette* in my Life; and never trouble my Head about our Armies, whether they win or loſe, or in what Part of the World they lie encamped. Without giving me Time to reply, he drew a Paper of Verſes out of his Pocket, telling me, That he had ſomething which would entertain me more agreeably, and that he would deſire my Judgment upon every Line, for that we had Time enough before us till the Company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty Poet, and a great Admirer of eaſy Lines. *Waller* is his Favourite: And as that admirable Writer has the beſt and worſt Verſes of any among our great *Engliſh* Poets, *Ned Softly* has got all the bad Ones without Book, which he repeats upon Occaſion, to ſhow his Reading, and garniſh his Converſation. *Ned* is indeed a true *Engliſh* Reader, incapable of reliſhing the great and maſterly Strokes of this Art; but wonderfully pleaſed with the little *Gothick* Ornaments of Epigrammatical Conceits, Turns, Points, and Quibbles, which are ſo frequent in the moſt admired of our *Engliſh* Poets, and practiſed by thoſe who want Genius and Strength to repreſent, after the Manner of the Ancients, Simplicity in its natural Beauty and Perfection.

Finding my ſelf unavoidably engaged in ſuch a Converſation, I was reſolved to turn my Pain into a Pleaſure, and to divert my ſelf as well as I could with ſo very odd a Fellow. You muſt underſtand, ſays *Ned*, that the Sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a Lady, who ſhowed me ſome Verſes of her own making, and is perhaps the beſt Poet of our Age. But you ſhall hear it. Upon which he begun to read as follows:

To Mira *on her incomparable Poems.*

1.
When dreſs'd in Laurel Wreaths you ſhine,
And tune your ſoft melodious Notes,
You ſeem a Siſter of the Nine,
Or Phœbus *ſelf in Petticoats.*

2.
I fancy, when your Song you ſing,
(Your Song you ſing with ſo much Art)
Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's *Wing;*
For ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

Why, ſays I, this is a little Noſegay of Conceits, a very Lump of Salt: Every Verſe hath ſomething in it that piques; and then the Dart in the laſt Line is certainly as pretty a Sting in the Tail of an Epigram (for ſo I think your Criticks call it) as ever entered into the Thought of a Poet. Dear Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſays he, ſhaking me by the Hand, every Body knows you to be a Judge of theſe Things; and to tell you truly, I read over *Roſcommon*'s Tranſlation of *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry* Three ſeveral Times, before I ſat down to write the Sonnet which I have ſhown you. But you ſhall hear it again, and pray obſerve every Line of it, for not one of them ſhall paſs without your Approbation.

When dreſs'd in Laurel Wreaths you ſhine.

That is, ſays he, when you have your Garland on; when you are writing Verſes. To which I replied, I know your Meaning: A Metaphor! The ſame, ſaid he, and went on.

And tune your ſoft melodious Notes.

Pray obſerve the Gliding of that Verſe; there is ſcarce a Conſonant in it: I took Care to make it run upon Liquids. Give me your Opinion of it. Truly, ſaid I, I think it as good as the former. I am very glad to hear you ſay ſo, ſays he; but mind the next.

You ſeem a Siſter of the Nine.

That is, ſays he, you ſeem a Siſter of the Muſes; for if you look into ancient Authors, you will find it was their Opinion, that there were Nine of them. I remember it very well, ſaid I; but pray proceed.

Or Phœbus *ſelf in Petticoats.*

Phœbus, ſays he, was the God of Poetry. Theſe little Inſtances, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſhow a Gentleman's Reading. Then to take off from the Air of Learning, which *Phœbus* and the Mutes have given to this Firſt Stanza, you may obſerve, how it falls all of a ſudden into the Familiar; *in Petticoats!*

Or Phœbus *ſelf in Petticoats.*

Let

Let us now, says I, enter upon the Second Stanza. I find the First Line is still a Continuation of the Metaphor.

I fancy, when your Song you sing.

It is very right, says he; but pray observe the Turn of Words in those Two Lines. I was a whole Hour in adjusting of them, and have still a Doubt upon me, Whether in the Second Line it should be, *Your Song you sing*; or, *You sing your Song?* You shall hear them both.

I fancy, when your Song you sing,
(Your Song you sing with so much Art.)

O R,

I fancy, when your Song you sing,
You sing your Song with so much Art.

Truly, said I, the Turn is so natural either Way, that you have made me almost giddy with it. Dear Sir, said he, grasping me by the Hand, you have a great deal of Patience; but pray what do you think of the next Verse;

Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's Wing.

Think! says I, I think you have made *Cupid* look like a little Goose. That was my Meaning, says he: I think the Ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole Matter:

For Ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

Pray how do you like that *Ah!* Doth it not make a pretty Figure in that Place? *Ah!* It looks as if I felt the Dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For Ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

My Friend *Dick Easy*, continued he, assured me, he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have been the Author of the *Æneid*. He indeed objected, that I made *Mira*'s Pen like a Quill in one of the Lines, and like a Dart in the other. But as to that ---- Oh! as to that, says I, it is but supposing *Cupid* to be like a Porcupine, and his Quills and Darts will be the same thing. He was going to embrace me for the Hint; but half a Dozen Criticks coming into the Room, whose Faces he did not like, he conveyed the Sonnet into his Pocket, and whispered me in the Ear, he would show it me again as soon as his Man had written it over fair.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is a Pastoral Mask to be performed on the 27th Instant in York-Buildings *for the Benefit of Mr.* Clayton, *and composed by him.*

This Gentleman is the Person who introduc'd the Italian *Opera into* Great Britain, *and hopes he has Pretensions to the Favour of all Lovers of Musick, who can get over the Prejudice of his being their Countryman.*

Advertisements.

*** PROPOSALS for Printing the LUCUBRATIONS of Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; by Subscriptions, in Two Volumes in Octavo, on a Large Character, and Fine Royal Paper, are to be seen, and Subscriptions taken, at Charles Lillie's, a Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand, and John Morphew's near Stationers-Hall. All Persons that design to subscribe to this Work, are desired to send in their Subscriptions, the Book being put to Press, in order to be publish'd with all Expedition.

TO satisfy Gentlemen and Ladies who it is that would impose, in Relation to those Men and Women's Gowns to be sold at the Olive-Tree and Still at Charing-Cross, advertis'd against in the Post-Man, with Invitation to Ludgate-Hill; If they please to enquire at any Shop on the said Hill, they may be satisfy'd that there is not a Quarter of the Choice, as there is in the Room at Charing-Cross; nor can they afford so good Pennyworths, because upon Examination, these will be truly found to be the Goods of Persons that failed.

THis is to satisfy, That Sir William Read, Her Majesty's Oculist, is constantly to be advised with every Day this Week, at his House in Durham yard in the Strand, being sent for out of the Country to couch several People of Cataracts, and to undertake other Cures relating to the Eyes, as well as divers Chirurgical Operations, which he will perform before he goes out of Town; designing to be one Week in the Country, and the other at London, during the Summer Season; and shall be at Reading the first Week in May. And during his Absence, his Lady, whom he hath instructed, performs all Cures relating to the Eyes.

FOR Sale by the Candle, on Thursday the 27th Instant, at Lloyd's Coffee-house in Lombard-street, at 5 in the Afternoon precisely, (only one Cask in a Lot) 50 Pipes and 8 Hds. of new excellent Malmesey Wine, of the fine and true Flavour, imported from Maderas, neat, and entire Parcel, and just landed; now in a Vault in Wiggin's Key Gateway, and in a Cellar (fronting the Thames) on Wiggin's Key, between Billingsgate and the Custom-house. Also 30 Hds. of very good French Claret, near, in a Vault under the late Dwelling-house of Mr. Nathan. Wood, a Corner-House at the End of Suffolk-Lane next Lawrence Poultny's Hill, near Cannon-street. All to be seen this Day and to Morrow, from Seven to One, and from Two till Seven, and all Thursday till the Hour of Sale. To be sold by Tho. Tomkins, Broker, in Crutched-Friars.

*** Lately publish'd, The History of Addresses: By one very near a-kin to the Author of the Tale of a Tub. Dii multumque desiderarum. Printed for John Pemberton at the Golden Buck and Sun against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. Price 4 s. Where may be had the Seventh Volume of Shakespear's Works, containing all his Poems, with critical Remarks on his Plays, and an Essay on the Art, Rise and Progress, of the Stage in Greece, Rome, and England. Pr. 5 s.

THE Houshold-Goods of the late Baron Schutz, Envoy of Hanover, will be sold by Auction this Day, being the 25th Instant, at his late Dwelling-house in St. James's-Square, consisting of very fine Tapestry Hangings, and other rich Furniture, Fine Linen, Plate, &c. where Catalogues are to be had. The Sale to continue daily till all are sold.

MRs. Tillman, Milliner, near the Nag's-Head in Red-Lion-street, Holborn, will draw her Sale of Goods at the Blue Boar in Holborn, the First of May, it being almost full.

A Well bred Mare Six Years old, to be sold cheap; being a Gentleman's who has no further Service for her. Enquire at the Three Cups by the Stable-yard behind Bedford-Row, near Greys-Inn.

SAmuel Maynard, living in Lyde's-Court near St. Giles's Church, having had the Rheumatism and Sciatica for some Time, which hinder'd me from following my Business; but at last, to my great Satisfaction, I happily heard of Mr. Moore, Apothecary, at the Pestle and Mortar in Abchurch-Lane, London; and by taking his Advice and Medicines, I am now so recover'd, that I am capable of performing my Business as formerly. Witness my Hand, February 3. 1710. Samuel Maynard.

THIS Chrystal Cosmetick, approv'd of by the worthy Dr. Paul Chamberline, viz. Cures all Red Faces, takes off all Morphews, Pimples, and Freckles, cleaning and adorning the Face and Hands of both Sexes in a very beautiful Manner. Price of the largest Bottle 6 s. the lesser 3 s. Sold at Mr. Allcrott's by Exchange-alley, Cornhil; Mr. Jackson's the Corner of Woodstreet, Cheapside; the Comb under S. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet; Mrs. Brecknock's, the upper End of St. James's-street, Piccadilly. Note, to prevent Counterfeits, each single Bottle with Directions is tied and sealed with this Coat of Arms, a Fret, with a Lion Rampant in a Canton.

*** The Statutes at large, in Three Volumes; Wingate and Washington's Abridgments, with a Supplement to them; Mr. Clutterbuck's Plain and Rational Vindication and Explanation of the Liturgy; Dr. Gibson on the Sacrament, at 11. 5 s. per Hundred; Winchester Manual; Bibles and Common Prayers of all Sorts, ruled or unruled; a fine Set of Cuts for the Common Prayer, engraved by Mr. Sturt; Dr. Nicolls's Paraphrase on the Common Prayer; the New Welch Common Prayer and Psalms, with or without Cuts; and Tate and Brady's Psalms, with the New Supplement; Bishop Beveridge's Catechism; Dr. Williams's Catechism; are sold by R. Whitledge, at the Bible and Ball in Ave-Mary-lane near Ludgate, at the lowest Prices.

Sold by *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*; where Advertisements are taken in.